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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. R. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor.
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She Didn't Bust.

In view of the fact that we have recently added a steam engine to our office, a friend sends us the following laughable article, which appeared originally in the Knob Noster (Mo.) Gem, in regard to a rival contemporary: A short time ago the Journal Democrat put in a neat little engine and commenced running with steam, instead of the gas power, formerly used. The paper was tickled to death and made alleged funny remarks about the Standard, especially, and all the other papers which are so lucky as to own no engine. After getting the engine in running order, the engineer was told that his services could be dispensed with, as any one could run a little machine like that.

Mr. Webster says that a steam engine is a concentrated circumstance which is liable to go out through any part of the building seeking whom it may devour, or language of that import, and one day this week the Journal-Democrat force came near agreeing with the dictionary maker.

"Is there is no water glass on the toy and the inexperienced youth who was running the concern could not see through the boiler, and hence when the water gave out, and the safety plug was melted, the engine commenced a series of comic though alarming actions which thoroughly frightened the hands.

"See that my grave is kept green," shouted Newt Marshall, as he hung out of the second story window with one hand and clutched at space with the other.

"Is she going to bust?" asked Al Croce from under the cases where he had crawled.

"Why did I learn the business?" moaned Lum Croce.

"Say your prayers, pa, and say 'em quick!" yelled Norv. Naylor, as the engine skinned a cat and the press got up and shook with the ink barrel.

"I'm afraid to jump out of the window, I'd bust. But I'm no go to stay here," said Al, and murmuring "good bye darling," he turned up his coat collar and rushed by the engine and down stairs, running over two lady visitors Clint Middleton was pushing out before the explosion took place.

In a few moments the engine got quiet and Norv got on his feet saying: "Dinged if she's going to bust after all."

Then they got a derrick and lifted Newt to the ground while a man on horseback with a lasso was sent to catch Al, and Clint was dispatched to tell the ladies the boys were only playing a joke.

It is safe to say that the outfit came as near being scared into the unknown beyond, where comets come troubling and engines are at rest, as any party could well be. Hereafter an engineer will boss the toy.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—An indignant gentleman once called on an Editor to see about a Piece which had appeared in the Paper. Eyeing him carefully from head to foot, the Editor asked: "How much do you weigh?" To this the indignant one replied: "Two hundred pounds even." "Ah," said the Editor, "that Being the Case, it affords me Pleasure to inform you that the Piece to which you Object is a Typographical Error." Huc fabula Docet otium cum dignitate et Tu bruta ad astra.—[Denver Tribune.]

According to Mr. Proctor, if from a single pair for 5,000 years each husband and wife had married at 21 years of age and there had been no deaths, the population of the earth would be 2,199,915 followed by 141 ciphers. It would require to hold this population a number of worlds equal to 3,166,526 followed by 125 ciphers. These figures are very valuable, in view of the immediate danger of people living 5,000 years.

According to Supervising Inspector Dumont's report, in the year 1881 there were 39,000,000 passengers carried in steamboats with a loss of 700 lives—an average of one life lost for every 55,700 persons carried. In the last fiscal year there were 354,000,000 persons carried and 205 lives lost—an average of only one to every 1,727,000.

The Fate of Morgan.

The New York Sun prints a three column affidavit signed by the late Thurlow Weed, and sworn to by him on Sept. 28 last, giving his history of the abduction of Wm. Morgan, for the alleged revealing of Masonic secrets in 1827. John Whitney, of Rochester, who, he says, was one of the party that conveyed Morgan away, while at Weed's house one night in 1831, told the story as follows:

The idea of suppressing Morgan's intended exposition of the secrets of Masonry was first suggested by a man named Johns, who suggested that Morgan be placed on a farm in Canada West. For this purpose he was taken to Niagara and placed in the magazine fort until arrangements for settling him in Canada were completed. But the Canadian Masons disappointed them. After several meetings of the lodge in Canada, opposite Fort Niagara, a refusal to have anything to do with Morgan left his kidnappers greatly perplexed. Apparently the installment of a Royal Arch Chapter brought a large number of enthusiastic Masons together. After labor, in Masonic language, they "retired to refreshments." Under the exhilarations of champagne and other viands, the Chaplain, Rev. F. H. Cummings, of Rochester, was called on for a toast. Then he responded with peculiar emphasis, and in the language of their ritual: "The enemies of our order—may they find a grave six feet deep, six feet long and six feet due East and West." Immediately after the toast, which was received with great enthusiasm, Col. Wm. King, an officer of the war of 1812, then a member of the Assembly from Niagara County, called Whitney, of Rochester; Howard, of Buffalo; Chubbuck, of Lewistown; Garside, of Canada, out of the room, and with a carriage furnished by Mayor Barton, they were driven to Fort Niagara, repaired to the magazine, and informed Morgan that arrangements for sending him to Canada were completed, and his family would soon follow him. Morgan received the information cheerfully, and walked with his supposed friends to the boat, which was rowed to the mouth of the river, where a rope was wound around his body, to each end of which a sinker was attached. Morgan was then thrown overboard. He grasped the gunwale of the boat convulsively. Garside, in forcing Morgan, relinquished his hold and was severely bitten.

Enoch T. Carson of Cincinnati, who claims to know, says that the above affidavit is a lie from beginning to end. RESOLVED TO DO BETTER.—When I was a youngster we had a worthy but profane neighbor who became happily converted at a Baptist revival, and thereafter faithfully followed the Master. At a prayer and conference meeting early in his Christian life, and long before his tongue had lost its habit of using profane words, he commenced an exhortation in this wise: "I have been a settin' here thinkin' what a d-d fool I have been, and I have resolved to do better." The recent election returns show us that thousands of republicans have been a settin' and a thinkin' what d-d fools they have been, and that they have resolved to do better.—[Portland Argus.]

An humble Sausage thus Addressed a haughty Seal Skin sacque: "How does it Happen, my Friend, that you Do not Recognize me, when it was only Two Months ago that you Used to Skin up a Tree whenever I approached?" "You had None the Better of Me then, Mr. Sausage; for while I was Skinning up the Tree, you, forsooth, were Sailing down the Street with a Tin-can tied to your Tail."—[Denver Tribune.]

THE ONLY CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—An excellent liniment for neuralgia is made of saffron, oil of organum and a half ounce of tincture of capicum, with a half pint of alcohol. Soak nine yards of red flannel in this mixture, wrap it around the head and then insert the head in a hay stack till death comes to your relief.—[Laramie Boomerang.]

A Georgia woman wasn't hurt a bit in the railroad collision, but she wants \$3,000 for the manner in which she was obliged to turn a somersault in the presence of eighteen horrid men. If she had only had \$18 hose on she wouldn't have said a word.

Minnie Palmer carries a little pug dog with her. The other day in a train a concealed utility man said to her: "It's a homely little brute, isn't it?" "Not very pretty," said Minnie, but I wonder what it thinks of you?"

Kissing and Cigarettes.

Philadelphia, with characteristic enterprise, comes to the front with a new society, the avowed object of which is to wage a bitter and relentless war against the nuisance of cigarette smoking. The demure ladies of the Quaker City are the prime movers in this novel crusade, and their plan of assault is as novel as the crusade itself. It is this: They have registered the most solemn vows not to kiss in the future any young or old man who is addicted to this sort of dissipation. What the Philadelphia cigarette smokers will do remains to be seen. The chances are that they will wait until the first meeting of the association is held and attend in a body. If they find that the members of the society are of an age or a style of beauty where kissing—cigarette or no cigarette—would be out of the question, they will probably decide to stand by the "weed" in the cheapest and most nasty form in which it presents itself. At all events, the question is for Philadelphia, an interesting one. That city, as a general thing, devotes its attention chiefly to questions four or five hundred years old. The matter of kissing is not altogether modern, according to all the authorities on the subject, but it is the most modern question which has claimed the attention of Philadelphia in many years.

A FAITH CURE DISBURSED.—Buffalo special to the Cincinnati Gazette says: "The faith cure conducted in this city for the past year by Miss Carrie Judd has collapsed. A want of funds brought about this result. Miss Judd started the cure, according to her own statement, after she had been the subject of a miraculous cure. So liberal was the patronage bestowed by credulous invalids that the institution occupied two houses—one in which religious exercises were performed and another as a lodging place. A few days ago a Mrs. Wright complained that her daughter, Effie, who had been under treatment for spinal trouble, had grown worse while in the cure, and finally was turned out without shelter or means of support. The disruption quickly followed. Effie Wright says that she was daily prayed for and had her head anointed with olive oil.

"Ah, dear old grandmother!" said a lady—"how good she was to the children! And how credulous! One day while we were playing we broke a great lot of dishes. It was a terrible wreck. When grandma got home she was very angry. 'Grandma,' said we, 'it wasn't us grandma; it was that bad, careless cat—we saw her.' Then grandma she grabbed the poor cat, and such a terrific beating as she gave that poor creature, I hope no other cat may ever suffer! Poor pussy! Dear old grandma!"

Once in a while a foreigner finds that the irreverent American brain is as active as his own. "Don't you think," said Oscar Wilde to a free-minded and untrammelled Western lass, "that 'nice' is a nasty word." She looked sweetly into the face of the aesthete and replied, "Do you think that 'nasty' is a nice word, Mr. Wilde?"

The French only mix nine different articles together to make mince meat. In this country if cats and dogs and rats and old overshoes and horse meat and old buffalo robes and bones and oyster shells and bran give out, they would just as soon put in a piece of mule as anything else.

Mr. Phoebus who, is to take charge of Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, is said to have made \$300,000 as the boniface at Old Point Comfort. A few years ago Mr. Phoebus was an expressman at a salary of \$70 per month.

Women are such queer creatures that no man can understand them. Indeed, it has been generally conceded that the only way to find a woman out is to call when she is not in.

A man in Monroe county, whose first wife was his father's second wife's sister, has capped the climax and further mixed the genealogical tree by wedding his son's wife's sister.

A Hardin county preacher by mistake took twenty drops of croton oil. There is nothing left of him now but his celluloid collar.—[Kentucky Register.]

At least three men on the average jury are bound to disagree with the rest to show that they've got minds of their own.—[Boston Post.]

Thoroughly wetting the hair once or twice a week with a weak solution of salt water will keep it from falling out.

"An actress for revenue only," is what they now say of Mrs. Langtry.

Catching a Rabbit for His Girl.

An Oscar Wilde young man, who lives on the North Side and smokes cigarettes, heard his adored express a wish for a rabbit. Wandering at dusk past a residence surrounded by a spacious lawn, and pondering upon the possibility of raising lucre enough to purchase a long-eared pet for the damsel, his attention was attracted by a white object on the lawn. Closer examination showed it to be a rabbit. In the shadow of some shrubs the little animal sat on its haunches, with ears erect. He chuckled to himself as he saw how he could save the money he was going to borrow to buy the rabbit with, and yet get the rabbit. He climbed the fence, undismayed by the four-inch gash in his wall-paper trousers, and stole softly upon the unsuspecting rabbit. The rabbit never stirred. Taking off his elegant tie he had stood Dunlap off for that morning, he pounced upon the poor thing and jammed the hat down over it, and the two white ears stuck up through the new tie top. It was an iron rabbit.—[Chicago Herald.]

They tell of a man out West who was putting a blast in a well, and it went off prematurely and blew him into an apple tree about fifty feet away. In a moment he recovered himself, and remarking, "The Lord knows better than I do, after all; I guess it's about time to go to prunin'," took a large pruning knife from his pocket and went to work.—[Rome Sentinel.]

A New York photographer keeps a seal-skin sacque. He says: "A poor girl will pay a dollar extra to be taken in a seal-skin sacque. She likes to show her friends that she can look like a lady on dress occasions. I charge \$1.50 for that. This Gainsborough hat I generally throw in for fifty cents. It's a great catch, I tell you. Girls all come here now."

Lucy, the little daughter of Prof. B. J. Dunn, of Russellville, was taken to Nashville, where surgeons cut open her throat and removed a nursery pin two inches long which had been in her throat, open and lodged crosswise, for two years.

We have just heard of a man with a soul so small that a million seed could live in a mustard seed and yet be so far apart that they would never find each other.

A blind man in Rowan county has a household of twelve children. So much for being unable to wander about.—[Vanceburg Courier.]

No matter how shattered the system may be from excesses of any kind, the Great German Navigator will secure health and happiness. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.
Because your home, or your goods, or your live stock, or your other property have not been burnt or injured by fire or lightning, less quantity than they cannot be. Don't you think, then, that it would be prudent to secure indemnity in case such loss or damage should occur? I offer you this at the lowest rates obtainable in any first-class insurance company. I represent seven such companies. Take your choice, in— J. M. PHILIPS.

A Lincoln Co. Farm of 200 Acres FOR SALE!
Situated on the Danville & Lancaster pike, at Col. Jones' bridge. About 100 acres in wheat, which is sowed with clover and timothy, making almost the entire farm in grass, well watered with several never failing springs; also one of the largest and best spring ponds in the county, making it a desirable stock farm. Has on it a good, comfortable dwelling house, 100 rooms, smoke house and barn, good cabin recently built, a young orchard of 150 choice apple trees, good kitchen, garden, etc. Terms of sale made known on application. Half purchase money may remain on mortgage. JOHN BILDER, Lancaster, Ky.

FOR SALE!
Having concluded to remove to Texas, I offer for sale my Residence & Business House, Combined in one, situated in the town of Crab Orchard, Ky., on Lancaster street. The building is two and one-half stories high, 30x20 feet and contains all the latest improvements. The store-room is 20x40, with counters and shelving, and is properly arranged, with all the outbuildings necessary to convenience and the taste of the most fastidious, and an abundance of pure water for drinking and household purposes, beautiful shade and fruit trees adorning and beautifying the entire premises, all in a good and healthy condition. Any one desiring a cheap yet valuable residence, among a clever and energetic people, would do well to call and examine the premises before purchasing elsewhere. Terms reasonable. JOHN F. STRODE.

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TERMS MODERATE.
In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the regular Department. Primary, \$10; Intermediate, \$20; Preparatory, \$40, and Collegiate, \$80.
For full particulars, see to Board, &c., address MISS S. C. TREHEARN, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

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Office in Owsley & Son's new building—up stairs.

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.
Master Commissioner and County Attorney. Will practice in all the Courts of Grant and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

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Will practice in the Courts of Boyle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

MATTHEW J. PETERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND EXAMINER FOR COURT, LIBERTY, KY.
Will practice in all the Courts of Casey and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office over T. F. Florio's store.

DR. J. G. CARPENTER, STANFORD, KENTUCKY
Office over Robt. S. Lytle's store. Office hours from 9 to 5 1/2 and 7 to 9 p. m.

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Office and Residence, Upper Main St.

LEE F. HUFFMAN, SURGEON DENTIST, STANFORD, KY.
Office—South side Main Street, two doors above the Myers Hotel. Dental rooms in Mason House. (See sign.) Pure nitrous oxide gas administered when necessary. 462-17

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S., DENTIST, STANFORD, KY.
Will be in Stanford one week of each month, from first Monday. Dental rooms in St. Asaph Hotel, over McAlister & Bright's. (See sign.) [At Lancaster three weeks of each month from third Monday. Dental rooms in Mason House. (See sign.) Pure nitrous oxide gas administered when necessary. 462-17

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In every particular. The patronage of the public solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. [25-17]

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JOHN DINWIDDIE, PROP'R.
OPENED FEBRUARY 22, 1878
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Special Accommodation to Commercial Travelers.
Baggage Transferred Free of Charge

I have recently taken charge of this house and intend to have first-class accommodations.

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I have recently opened in Richmond a large and complete Planing Mill, and am prepared to furnish every kind of

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INCLUDING—Weatherboarding, Flooring, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Laths, Shingles, Mouldings, Stairways, &c.

As I sell at prices such as the above articles can be bought in Louisville, Cincinnati, or other wholesale houses, I am sure I can make it to your advantage to patronize home institutions. I am also a practical

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And am prepared to furnish designs and estimates for buildings and all kinds of architectural work. That is, doing so small business, can be judged from the fact that my bank account runs from \$10 to \$2500 per week. Contracting and building done promptly and at living prices. Address 70-80-177 C. S. STAFFORD.

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For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Consumption and all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Use Dr. Gann's Cough Syrup.
For Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Constipation, Sour Stomach and all Biliary Diseases.

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For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Bruiases and swellings—an external application for most of these.

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For Piles, Hemorrhoids, Burns, Fists and all similar diseases.

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For Fresh Cuts, Burns, Ulcers and Old Sores.

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For Itch, Scabies, Eruptions and all Skin Diseases.

Use Dr. Gann's Stomach Bitters.
A Reliable Tonic, Appetizer and Blood Purifier, and also cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Malarial Fevers and all periodical Diseases. Manufactured and for sale by

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Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Books, Stationery, Liquors, Pocket Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Stationery, Cigars, Tobacco, Fire Arms, Needles, Lamps, Perfumery, Fire Arms, Machine.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,
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A Splendid Stock of Fall and Winter Goods,
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THE ALBION
HARROW, CULTIVATOR & SEEDER.
Three First-Class Implements Combined in One.

STANFORD, KY., Oct. 31, 1882.
GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—The Albion Spring Tooth Harrow, Cultivator and Broadcast Seeder purchased of you is all you claim for it. I am well pleased with my purchase. As a Harrow and pulverizer it is the best I have ever seen; as a Seeder, I would not exchange for any other, and I am also confident that it will prove valuable as a Cultivator. CRAIG LYNN.

MR. GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—I have one of the Albion Spring Tooth Sulkey Harrows, Cultivators and Broadcast Seeders. I am well pleased with it and would not exchange it for any similar tool. WM. GOCCH.

GEO. D. WEAREN, ESQ.—Dear Sir:—I used one of the Albion Combined Spring Tooth Harrows and Broadcast Seeders in putting in my wheat this Fall, and do not hesitate to say that it did the work perfectly. C. T. SANDIDGE.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—We bought of you a Spring Tooth Sulkey Harrow and Broadcast Seeder, and after having used it in seeding wheat in foul stalk land, we are free to say that the implement is a good one and gives satisfaction. We regard it superior to any Drill and a perfect success as a Harrow and pulverizer. R. W. GIVENS & SON.

MR. GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—I am pleased with my Albion Spring Tooth Harrow and Broadcast Seeder; think it is much better and answers many more purposes than a Drill. JOHN BUCHANAN.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—Have tested your Albion Seeder on clean, plowed land and on the foulest stalk land. It gives better satisfaction than any implement ever used in foul land. A. K. DENNY.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—I have used one of the above mentioned Seeders, and heartily endorse the statement of Mr. Denny. J. A. DEPAUL.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—The Albion Combined Spring Tooth Harrow, Cultivator and Broadcast Seeder is all and even more than you claim for it. I have sown 59 acres of wheat this season in filthy corn land, and it does its work well where no other machine would work at all. My son Jimmie, who is 12 years old, ran the machine all the time, using a team of comparatively small horses, and found no difficulty. I cheerfully recommend it to my farmer friends, for I know a fair trial will convince them of its usefulness eight months in the year. JOHN P. BAILEY.

GEO. D. WEAREN—Dear Sir:—Each one of us having purchased of you one of your Albion Spring Tooth Sulkey Harrows and Broadcast Seeders, we take pleasure in saying that they have given us entire satisfaction and done all that you claimed for them. Prefer them to any wheat Drill we have seen. Sows the wheat evenly and leaves none exposed on the surface; also regard the tool superior to any other as a pulverizer and believe they will prove valuable as Cultivators. C. VANOV, SHANKS SPOONMORE.